Poole
PR1175
P685

SILVERY SHOWERS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....

Shelf .....

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Silvery Showers.

SILVERY SHOWERS.

BY

H. M. POOLE.

In silvery showers
The rosy hours
Speed onward, day by day,
Now dark, now light,
Day follows night,
So must it be alway.

11159 12'

HARD & PARSONS:
NEW YORK.

PR 1175
.P685

Copyright 1886,
BY
HARD & PARSONS.

TMP96-007629

WITH NATURE.

I am alone with Nature
Upon this peaceful day;
The lifting hills above me
With golden rod are gay.
Across the fields of ether
Flit butterflies at play,
And cones of garnet sumach
Glow down the country way.

The Autumn dandelion

Beside the roadside burns;

Above the lichened boulders

Quiver the plumed ferns;

The cream-white silk of the milk-weed

Floats from its sea-green pod;

From out the mossy rock-seams

Flashes the golden rod.

The woodbine's scarlet banners

Flaunt from their towers of stone;

The wan, wild morning-glory

Dies by the road alone.

By the hill-path to the sea-side,

Wave myriad azure bells,

Over the grassy ramparts

Bend milky immortelles.

The lingering daisies lean
Along the way-side bars;
The tangled thicket's green
Glows with the aster's stars;
Beside the brook the gentian
Closes its fringed eyes,
And waits the enticing glory
Of changeful yellow skies.

Lo! over the sapphire ocean
Trembles a bridge of flame,—
To the burning cove of the sunset,
To the city too fair to name,
Till a ray of its inner glory
Streams to this lower sea,
And we see with human vision
What Heaven itself may be.

MARY C. HUDSON.

LIFE.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say,
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day;
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom
But these are transient all,
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh, why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by;
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

TRUSTFULNESS.

In peace the daylight closes, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea;
Along its bosom comes with swift-winged flight
The gray mists, silently.

O trusting heart, how Nature speaks! her power
How leisurely she uses! how intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main,
To rock the tree-tops with her winds of wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath!

Cease then! and in this dewy twilight, move
As one who asks not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the Eternal love,
God's endless by and by.

ANON.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about our sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by,—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed joy and light about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not,—
This life is what we make it.

ANON.

HOW WILL IT BE?

How will it be when the woods turn brown,

Their gold and their crimson all dropped down,

And crumbled to dust? Oh then, as we lay

Our ear to earth's lips, we shall hear her say,

"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown,"

We will dream of green leaves when the

woods turn brown.

LUCY LARCOM.

SYMBOLS.

Would'st thou hear Nature's voice? Be one with her,
In simple purity, perennial youth;
Her child in wonder, and her worshipper
In spirit and in truth.

Then will the daisy, from its modest eye,
Let out its secrets, and the starry scroll
River and ocean — all of earth or sky —
Interpret to thy soul.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 009 251 438 9